THE
Oxford-Act:
A
POEM.

LONDON;
Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall*, MDCXIII.

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A True Relation of their Practice At Oxford *Town when there an ACT is.*

CANTO I.

HAlf Choakt ith' Duſt of our lewd Town,
Tir'd with their Follies and my own;
To breath a Wiſer Air, and better,
With many a Token, many a Letter,
I tript to t'other *Alma Mater.*
Thouſands One, Hundreds Six, Tens Ninety,
Three Ones the Year exactly point t'ye,
When a remarkable Occaſion
Brought there the Learn'd and Wiſe oth' Nation:
The *Act* which ſome believ'd muſt be
Turn'd to a *Jewiſh Jubilee,*
Whoſe joyful ſound that Nation hears
No more than Once in Fifty Years.
The *Act*, which now they diſcontinue
So long, ſome thought, they ne'er had any;

But that ſome forward Scribes in Iniquity
Had feign'd it like their own Antiquity.
Oft wou'd the new created Sophiſter
Where Boy cry'd, want ye any *Coffee*, Sir?
Start from brown-ſtudy, anſwering rather
When comes the *Act*, the *Act*, Dear Father?
The Beardleſs Father ſigh'd, but knew
No more of that than I or You;
For all his Logick and his Hiſtory,
This an unfathomable Myſtery.
Even the Grave *Doctors* ſcarce cou'd tell
Without the help of *Chronicle*,
When laſt they in their Boots appear'd,
And Bugbear *Terræ-Filius* fear'd.
Now one, and then the other Faction
Putting the Dons beyond their Action:
Now *Whig*, as *Nobbs* had then bedighted him
With Horns and Tail cry'd *Bough*, and 'frighted 'em;
Till they ſtark ſtaring run with one Mouth,
To rail at, and diſcomfit *Monmouth*:
Tho' wiſer *Cam* to ſave his Bacon,
His Picture kept till he was taken.
Then their Lov'd *Chancellor*'s Picture baniſh,
As *Rome* unfortunate *Sejanus*.
More Loyal *Oxford*, *Windſor* truſted
With many a Pondrous Pike and Musket,
Soon form'd in Squadrons and Battalions
To ſwinge the Duke's Tatterdemalions:
But Bleſſings on that Noble Lord,
Who ſav'd the Labour of their Sword;
Who did the Tall-Young Man betray,
And run moſt Loyally away.
O happy *Oxford*! happy ſince
Fate gave thee ſuch a grateful Prince;

True

True to his Friends beyond compariſon,
He *Jefferys* ſent to pay thy Garriſon;
Whoſe *Muſick-Speech* ſo ſore did fright ye
The *Act* that Summer cry'd Good-night t'ye.
Since then, Confuſion on Confuſion,
All Chaos till the *Revolution*;
Till a New World roſe from black Billows,
And *Surges* roll'd as ſoft as Pillows.
Yet then Fate had ſo long been thwarting,
So ſtunn'd with the old Blows of Fortune,
The Aged Matron did appear,
She ſcarce got Breath in Four long Year:
But now recover'd brisk and Bonny,
As Bridegroom's ſelf, in Moon-call'd-*Hony*,
An *Act* as I before have told y'it
She'll have, and all crowd to behold it.
Expect not all the Nation over
From *Corniſh Mount*, to *Peer* of *Dover*,
I ſhou'd recite, ſince did I know it,
'Twould look like *Herald*, not like *Poet*:
Then reſt content with what I give ye
To further trouble ſave, believe me. *Hyperbaton.*

I'll only ſing what Troops have gone down
From thee, O *Trinobantick-London*!
Three *Aldermen*, and one wiſe *Juſtice*,
Some of the *Orphans* truſty *Truſtees*.
To ſhew their equal Wit and Valours
Ten *Woollen-Drapers*, Nine ſtout *Taylors*,
Likewiſe to Viſit their Acquaintances
A well-teeth'd Band of Fifty *Prentices*.
Three Jolly *Landladies* went jogging,
Their Roſy Cheeks, confeſſing *Nogging*;

Their

Their Cheeks with Sweat and Gravy running,
And wot ye what--- They went a Dunning;
Some certain *Lads* that ſhall be nameleſs,
(For we'd have none ſhould juſtly blame this,)
Not long ſince made an Expedition
In *Water-Poet*'s low Condition;
(For which the Rude wou'd call 'em Blockheads,)
London to ſee with empty Pockets:
On theſe kind *Hoſteſſes* they lighted,
And ſince they found themſelves not ſlighted,
Them now to ſee the *Act* invited:
Which kindneſs they accept the rather,
In hopes of *Ready-Bill* from *Father*.

I'th' Name o'th' Beadle, what ill Fortune,
Before Remembrance drew a Curtain,
That I, on theſe lewd Scholars plodding,
The Cream o'th' Jeſt had half forgotten.

Upon the Road i'th' Crowd I ſaw there
Two *Bookſellers* and One *poor Author*:
The *Author* firſt through Duſt was trudging;
With Clouted-Shoon, like *D---well* drudging;
By Sympathy I look'd upon him,
And caſt a few good Wiſhes on him,
And him behind my ſelf had Mounted,
But that my Steed too weak I counted;
For my own Worth 'twould hardly bear,
Much leſs my Fellow-Traveller.
While thus my natural Benignity,
Beheld with Grief ſuch an Indignity,
And did againſt hard Fate diſpute it,
Why *Bookſellers* ride, and *Authors* foot it;

Who ſhou'd I ſee with all their Tackle
Within a Leathern Tabernacle
But Two, as Witty *S*---- has it,
O'th' honeſteſt that e'er ſold *Gazette*.
The Name o'th' Firſt, but hold, let's paſs it;
The Second too ſhall ſecret be,
Leſt we ſhould ſpoil good Company.
They Hemm'd to my poor Militant Brother:
He heard, (for ſharp are Ears of *Author*.)
Then took him up, and kindly carry'd
To Town in their Triumphant Chariot.
Me ſoon they ſpy'd, as ſoon they beckon'd,
I joyn'd their Train, and made a Second.
On Converſation quickly fall,
Slap-daſh, And how, and how goes all?
Who laſt the *Athenians* did be-rogue Sir,
What *Auction*, or what *Catalogue* Sir?
This idle News let's throw away,
And to the Buſineſs of the Day;
Leſt we our Embryo-Notions ſmother
With Gravity, ſubjoins the other.

You know e're Fortune did convene us,
What was agreed upon between us;
That whoſoe're a Project ſtarted,
We'd both go halves, and have it parted.
Speak then, ſince yet my Noddle won't ſtir
And none that's here will us miſconſter
If any Prodigy or Monſter;
Any rare glorious Fight or Murder
Of this ſide *Tweed*, or on the further;
For *Doeg*'s Fuſtian Quill to utter,
Doubly inſpir'd with Bread and Butter.

Not one of these my dear Acquaintance,
Who right or wrong still mind the Main-chance;
Not one good Whim, or I can't think on't,
Replies the first, howe're let's drink on't:
How good Wits jump! The Thought they blest,
Well-motion'd strait cry'd all the rest.
High did they heave the Courteous Bottle,
Transfus'd to Sympathetick Noddle,
Whose Blood exhausted, fills their Veins,
And crams Capacious Guts with Brains.
When one with Thanks to'th Juice that gave it,
Crys out, I have it Lads, I have it.
This very *Act*, altho 'twill many
Cost dear, with us shall turn the Peny.
Whate're we lose, we'll make Reprisal,
Whoever gains not, you and I shall.

My very Thought, I'll swear't says t'other
Howe're you came to hit on't Brother,
Bear witness else, *O'ambling Author*!
Say, did not I my self propose
This very Notion at the *Rose*?

Poeta loquitur.

Your're both my Friends, may Riches seize me
And make me dull, if I'd displease ye:
Yet (as for Fibbing I defie it,)
'Twas the self-same, or very nigh it.
Howe're I'm sure you'll do a fair thing,
And stand to your Authentick Bargain;
Your Servant's here to nick th'occasion
And give a Full and True Relation.

For that, crys he, if we find Stuff,
We can have Journey-Men enough.

Trade's

Trade's bad, Paper's too dear o'Conſcience,
Nought ſells beſides th' *Athenian* Nonſence.
Oth' laſt true *Bloody Fight* I printed,
In this own fruitful *Brain-pan* minted.
The *Hawkers*, which you'd ſcarce believe,
Six Quire return'd me out of Five.
All this Sir not to beat you down;
To Generous Souls what's Half a Crown?
Below your Works intrinſick Value
No, by no means Sir wou'd we paul you:
We can be Civil Sir, you know it,
And we'll i'th' next *Edition* ſhow it.
Nor for the firſt will we be ſtingy,
Or down to next to nothing dringe ye:
To hold you by the Teeth and Neck faſt,
We'll give y'e a *Guinea* and a *Breakfaſt*;
Nay Brother, we'll that *Breakfaſt* double,
Ne're ſtand upon't but make't a Couple;
Beſides one Generous Pint to inſpire him,
And for this high Atchievement fire him.
The other adds, well hang't, I'll take it,
And a rare piece ne're doubt on't make it.
I'll do my beſt at Joque and Rallery,
Nor fear but 'twill, *Pit*, *Box* and *Gallery*.
Be each of you a careful Waiter,
An Eves-Dropper at the *Theatre*.
Come you but all well-laden home,
With *Thyme*, i'll work it into *Comb*.
He ſaid, and we by this were got over,
Thy Clowdy Brow, Sky-cliſtring *Shot-over*;
And juſt as we had clos'd our twatling
O're *Maudlin-Bridge* the Wheels went ratling.
The Colledge ſelfs a little beyond,
You'll ſee't next Door tot'h Sign of *Grayhound*:

Certainly ſome Rogue or other muſt print it upon him.

Poeta loquitur.

Shot-over-Hill.

Nor

Nor cou'd we much beſides diſcover,
For now Dame Night came fluttering over:
Black Ghoſts aroſe, and *Gown-Men* fled,
And *Tom* had warn'd the *Sun* to Bed.
Since for his *Exit*, vain's our Sorrow,
We'll Sleep, and tell you more to Morrow.

The End of the Firſt Canto.

CANTO.

CANTO II.

EXpect not our bold Muſe ſhould call
The witty Moonſhine and the Wall,
To tell you what this Night betided,
Which knew no more than you and I did:
To leave then honeſt *Townſmen* ſnoring,
Some *Scholars* Tipling, others Whoring;
Some from th' intruding *Proctor* ſcampring
T' avoid enchanted wooden Cramp-ring;
Or when that Cunning-Man has ſpy'd 'em,
Charm'd by thoſe powerful Words, *Per Fidem*;
Tripping away, without Bayardo,
Unto the *Caſtle* or *Bocardo*,
As Rats are rim'd to ſore Miſhap,
And run their Heads into a Trap;
As Salt on Birds directly thrown
Probatum eſt, their all they're own,
So here---But letting that alone.
The Reader thinks as we intended
We'll here go on where laſt we ended,
Comprizing in immortal Sing-Song
How all th' old Dons were at it Ding-dong.

As much as to ſay they go afoot thither.
Similie.
Similie.

Their Themes, the manner and occaſion
Of every ſtrenuous Diſputation;
All this from point to point reciting,
And both his greedy Ears delighting.
Thus he, thus let him like a *Niſi*,
But we intend more to ſurprize ye,
To change the Scene, invert the Order,
Jogging in Road direct no further,
But with ſome Two or Three Suppoſes
Wiping our Gentle Reader's Noſes;
Shall tell 'em all we did diſcover
Of this fam'd *Act*, as all were over;
As by good *Author* 'twas related,
The *Price* you know before debated:
And if he gives the ſecret Hiſtories
Of any Scholar and his Miſtreſs;
If Gown turn'd up he makes the wonder
At ſtrange unheard Diſcoveries under,
We're not to anſwer for his Sawc'neſs,
As knowing nothing of the Buſi'neſs:
Take Word for Word, from juſt Relators,
Not Paraphraſers, but Tranſlators;
'Tis He, not we, are now to deal w'ye,
And ſo he pray'd me, Sirs, to tell ye.

The Firſt rare Scene in this great *Drama*,
Was Mr. *Vice*'s grave *Pragramma*;
That all the *Lads* with Care exceeding
Should ſhew their *Haviour* and their *Breeding*;
On pain of *Black-Book* and the *Proctors*
Abuſing none, beſides the *Doctors*.

That thoſe whom trembling *Soph* acknowledges
Right Worſhipful of *Halls* and *Colledges*,

Should

Should ſignifie to their Societies
During the *Act*, though now ſo nigh it is,
All *Doctors* ſhould their *Scarlet* wear,
As bluſhing at the *Crimes* they hear.
And when the little Tingle-tangle
The Signal gives, prepare to wrangle.

All things and Places rightly ſtated,
For *Graduates*, and *Non-graduated*.
For *Doctors*, *Maſters*, *Ladies*, *Fiddles*
The *Gall'ries* are reſerv'd; the *Middle's*
Left open (Thanks,) for the *Raſcality*,
Servitors, and *Promiſcuous Quality*.

Next the *Curators* muſt take care
No breach of *Peace* be ſuffer'd there;
All with Decorum done, and Gravity,
No Rudeneſs, or lewd Mob-like pravity:
The *Doctors*, as 'tis hop'd, abus'd,
The *Innocent Ladies* too miſus'd;
Each little freedom there muſt pocket,
Clap and Forgive th' ill-manner'd Blockhead.

And further, for the preſervation
Of *Alma Mater's* Reputation,
No *Scholar*, be he leſs or bigger,
Not Gown'd and Capp'd in Mood and Figure,
Muſt have the Priviledge to hear
His Betters hiſt ith' *Theatre*.

Next ſuch a Hiſt they could ſupply it
From nothing but a *Poliſh Diet*;

Their

Their Names enough to have abaſht one,
Legaſſick, *Strauchan* and *Boraſhton*.
The ſtately *Perſian* Monarchs uſe
By length of Whiskers *Porters* chuſe;
So we our *Proctors* much the ſame,
By Hardneſs, and by length of *Name*,
Tmeſis. Who meet at One, that Mob may fear 'em,
I'th *Apo*-- (what d'ye call't) --*dyterium*.

Expect not I ſhou'd make Relation
Of every Poem and Oration;
The *Ladies* heard, (them I'll not flatter, or lie,)
And Edified moſt ſupernaturally:
Similie. As when St. *Tony* Preaching ſtood
To's Four-Legg'd Brethren in the Wood.
Altho his Language was unwonted,
They cou'd not Hum, yet Thanks they grunted;
Fain on their Maſt wou'd had him Dine,
And prov'd themſelves all well-bred Swine.

Now the full-button'd *Youth* appear,
And Squeaking, fill the *Theatre*;
Their Parts well conn'd, ſay over prettily,
Nay humour all things wondrous wittily.

The prettieſt littleſt harmleſs Bawbles,
Young *Unfledg'd Lords*, and *Callow Nobles*;
The *Ladies* might, nor wou'd they ſcare 'em
For Noſegays in their Boſoms wear 'em;
Not ſo when Men of Parts and Converſe,
They've wit to ſcorn---to write---their own Verſe.
Once harmleſs Worms, now fledg'd in Vices,
They're Baſilisks all, and Cockatrices;

Their

Their Mouths, their Eyes, their Tails diſcover
Stings, Poiſon, Murder, Death all over.
Yet honeſt they perhaps continue,
Nor know they other uſe of *Guinea*,
But hungry *Poet* to requite
Who did their Gawdy Verſes write.
Who if he dares but claim his own,
When *Bully* meets him out of Town,
Shot up to a Man, and ſtrangely grown,
With Valiant Whip he'll kindly Lace him,
Or elſe moſt gratefully dry-baſte him.
Henceforth beware, dear Brethren, of it,
Take they the Honour, you the Profit:
Bought Wit is beſt, and't has been ſaid for't,
It muſt be theirs who fairly paid for't.
One ſings, tho in Heroicks, odly
A Catalogue of the new *Bodley*:
While from another you may hear
Our ſwinging the *French-Fleet*, laſt Year.
A Third deſcribes in lofty Fables
Their addled--*No-Deſcent*---at *Naples*.
A Fourth ſings *Britain's* Antient Glories,
Which the vile World will now think Stories.
A Fifth great *Ormonds* Praiſes writes,
Heroically, as he Fights.
The next brave *Savoy*'s long Recovering,
Who o're the *Gallick Foe* is hovering;
His Illneſs, how th'Allies deplore it,
And all he did, ſince and before it.

But we had *Proſe* as well as *Verſe* Sir,
Of which I'll be a true Rehearſer.

How did the sharp *Inceptor Budgell*
His Holiness, and *Socinus* Gudgel?
How *Tod* dispute, as sweet as Timbrel,
Of Schism and *Athanasian* Symbol?
How he who could in Egg-shell scribble
A General-Council prove fal-lible.
How *Bedford* talk at this great Season,
Of Fault, and Pain, and Light of Reason.
How *Brazan-Nose*, thy fam'd Entwistle,
Geneva and *Cracow* bids go whistle:
What *Cradock*, the vain Deist say to
What he *de Opere Operato*.
What next of Royal *Christ-Church*, *Langford*
Which won't come in, tho I shou'd hang for't.
No more will any Physick-Question
Of *Sagittary* or of *Thurston*:
But Spirits and Piss, and Blood together
And Gout may go I care not whither.
Friend *à majori* proves, a Brute
Has Sense, because he can Dispute.
Brown will not let *Fanaticks* baffle us,
While *Prince* has power of *Adiapharous*.
Of *Kecking*, *Hannes* and *Salt*'s Discourses,
And strange *Narcotick* Powers and Forces.
Last *Dale* affirms in sober Sadness
All great Wits have a spice of Madness,
Himself he'd for an Instance give 'em,
But is there any will believe him?

In this Employ the Day well worn,
They to the *Tennis-Court* adjourn.
A *Theatre*, tho far less spiteful
Than is their old, far more delightful;

Where

Where the young *Lads* that never ventur'd,
Never 'till now, are fairly enter'd:
What there they do among the Wenches
Say, O ye Stools, O ſpeak ye Benches:
Yet do not ſpeak, your Voice would have us,
Like Vocal Head or Board 'twould ſcare us.
But *Luna* now is Heaven adorning,
So Friends adieu till the next Morning.

The End of the Second Canto.

CANTO III.

MUſe tell the Man, who like *Almanzor*
To every Mortal Wight crys Stand Sir;
Diſcourteous Knight, whoſe Tongue dead-doing
Draws not for Ladies aid, but ruin:
Whether he *Terræ-Filius* height,
Or *Muſick-Speech*, pronounce (not write,)
Midſt Doctors, or their Wives is forraging,
His uſe, abuſe, and Primitive *Origin.* *Hyſteron Proteron.*
But *Terræ-Filius* firſt invade,
And conjure up from Native Shade.
Have you not Read or Heard, Sir Reader,
Of an old *Grecian* Maſter Gard'ner? *Epicurus.*
Who that he might be fam'd for ſomething,
Said, Man grew out of Earth, like Pumpkin?
Ne're gern, and ſhew your Teeth, this Doctrin is
Embrac'd by th'Wits, and ſage *Autochthones*;
You ſome ſuch Story, will ye, will ye,
Muſt own ith' Name of *Terræ-Filii*;
Of Dunghil Race, and Education,
For ſtrange Equivocal Generation:

Firm

Firm Proof you from their Birth may gather,
The Earth their Dam, the Sun their Father:
Hence, like their Brother *Dors* they riſe,
And mean, but only mean the Skies:
When thoſe in vain they've long affected,
Thither in vain their flight directed;
To Native Dirt, they ſink forgotten,
By every Foot to nothing trodden.
The *Titans* firſt of this lewd Race,
Which did ev'n Mother-Earth diſgrace;
Proud big-bon'd, brainleſs, graceleſs Giants,
They *Jove* himſelf ſet at defiance;
Who whirl'd his vengeful Thunder at 'em,
And ſunk 'em under *Styx* Ten Fathom.
This Mother *Terra* took ſo ill
Th'Old *Crone* maintains the Quarrel ſtill,
Was with new Rebel-Baſtards gotten,
As ſoon as 'tother, dead and rotten:
With weaker Arms theſe Heaven aſſail'd,
The others Fought, theſe only Rail'd;
Their Malice-impotent began
With *Jove* himſelf, then each Good Man;
Old Comedy, and lawleſs Satyr,
Th'effect of Lewdneſs, and Ill-Nature.
The Language was, which firſt they ſpoke in,
All Gravity and Virtue mocking:
They pleas'd toth' Life, the Mobs ill Natures,
Whoſe Meat and Drink's to abuſe their Betters;
This the true riſe of all thy Scoffing is,
And ſharp-edg'd Jeſts, O *Ariſtophanes*!
The Wittieſt Knave we ever ſaw ſince
The *Terræ-Filius* of old *Athens*.
He with grave *Socrates* did ſquabble,
And on him loo'd the grinning Rabble,
Abus'd the Doctor and his Wife,
Which coſt the good Old Man his Life.
'Twou'd be too long to tell th'occaſion
That brought 'em firſt to th' Brittiſh Nation;

And which oth' *Druids* did invite 'em
To *Beaumond*, alias *Belloſitum*,
Who there of yore profeſs'd Aſtrology,
Sage Ethicks, Phyſicks, and Theology;
Which if you queſtion, plain and liquid 'tis
Beyond diſpute, in *Wood*'s Antiquities;
Aſcetick-Wood's, whoſe known good Nature,
So juſtly curbs his harmleſs Satyr;
Who takes ſuch care on each occaſion
To vindicate the Reformation:
None better cou'd ſince or before do't,
Heylin or *Harmer* ne're did more do't.
Tho ſome there are perhaps wou'd blame us,
For making their firſt riſe ſo famous;
And think theſe Under-Graduates-Oracles
Deduc'd from *Cornwal*'s Givary Miracles,
From immemorial Cuſtom there,
They raiſe a *Turfy Theatre*;
Where from a Paſſage under-Ground,
By frequent Crowds encompaſs'd round,
Out leaps ſome little Mephiſtophilus,
Who ev'n of all the Mob the Offal is,
True *Terræ-Filius* he, we reckon is,
Or *Anti-Theos Apomechanes*;
Who Rimes, and Joques, and lays about him,
While Brawny Thouſands clap and ſhout him.
Whence our new *Merry-Andrew*'s Riſe is,
Tranſplanted thence to Ford of *Iſis*.

And next the Muſe her Slave beſeeches,
For a few Words of Muſick-Speeches;
Whether from thoſe old Strolling-Pedlers,
The Bawdy Corybantick Fidlers,
Who *Iſis* Temple oft had been in,
Not lov'd for nothing by the Women:
Or blind *Welch* Harpers, who for Farthings,
Told Tales, ſung Songs, let F---s, ſold Bargains.
We'll not diſpute, ſince there's no time for't,
Nor can we reaſon find, or Ryme for't.

But to particulars deſcending
To *Canto*'s haſte, and Poems ending.

But who alas! who can ſuffice,
Tho Tongues he had, like *Argus*-Eyes,
To tell of all the witty Ruhs,
Spawn'd by who knows how many Clubs?
Againſt grave Doctors and fair Ladies,
As always at the Act the Trade is.
Sure there's a Letch'ry in Abuſes,
They both have read *Flagrorum uſus*,
Tho an odd way, you'd think to move 'em,
The more their flogg'd, the more they love 'em.
Here the Wags maul one old *Sincaſer*,
Not *Hobbs* himſelf e're did it better;
Whoſe very Beard has found 'em matter
For Thirty Years Abuſe and Satyr:
There generouſly another Hector,
And reverenced the poor Rector:
Not *Colmer* more, or great *T*----,
Him, or his Piece of Matrimony;
With Jeſt ſo eaſie, all muſt take it,
Of Goſpel, and of Woman Naked.
And ſure, but him, none e're had knowledge
Of what is what in all the Colledge:
Not one of their Young Senior Fellows,
But's of his Chaſtity ſo jealous,
Should you a Naked Woman ſhew 'em,
You'd fright 'em ſo, 'twould quite undo 'em:
Put 'em beyond that fair occaſion,
Beyond hot Cruſt and Diſputation,
Away, *Sans* Fear or Wit they'd ſcamper,
In ſpite of Ditch, of Wall or Rampire,
As Serpent, (ſwallow't he that can,)
Fly from the ſight of Naked Man.

Nor all is born by Doctors Backs,
For *Cambridge* too come in, for ſnacks.

And

And is it thus, O ye *Oxonians*!
Ye treat your Brother *Heliconians*,
The Chriſtians, Jeſuits, and the *Jonians*?
They'll fit you for't, and not be here,
'Till this time comes again next Year.

Next enter *Smith*, and very odd is't,
That he talks thus, the Chaſt, the Modeſt;
See but with how much Grace he Bluſhes,
At every Word all over Fluſhes.
His Wit, his Modeſty, or Learning;
Whether's the moſt needs deep diſcerning,
His Wit, all rais'd by Contribution,
Or Military-Execution;
For he ſo neatly has expreſs'd it,
'Tis all his own, as he has dreſs'd it.
His Modeſty ſure's more than common,
Since known to' above 500 Women:
At *Spencer*'s Squire of Dames he'd laugh,
Whom he out-throws a Bar and half.
Then for his Learning, 'tis notorious,
Made by his Modeſty more glorious;
But his chief Excellency is
As Envy own, in Languages;
The *European* not enough,
The Modern only trifling ſtuff,
With a far larger Scheme delighted,
All *Babels* are in him united.
What ever Traffiick brings from far
Indian, *Chineſe*, or *Malabar*;
A natural *Hottamtot* he'd ape,
Deep vers'd it'h Language of the Cape;
A happineſs ſo ſtrange and rare,
The Company ſhou'd him prefer,
Either to lie their *Leiger* there,
Or be at leaſt Interpreter:
What near the Line, or near the Tropick,
Sclavonian be't, or *Ethiopick*;
All, all's his own, he has no ſmall ſmattering,
Familiar-like, his *Greek* and *Latin*:

Yes,

Yes, ev'n his *Greek* in which he'd have ye
To know, he'd out *Ariſtotle*'s *Davy*.
However he came by't, he'll teach ye
Scarce Satan more, what's Entelechy:
'Tis true, ſuch Roots are often found
To thrive the beſt in Barren Ground;
But here's the wonder of the thing,
That they from fruitful Noddle ſpring,
As full of Wit, by th' iſſue all-may-ſee,
As Aldermans of Senſe or Policy.
How plentifully this he ſquander'd!
How neatly did he *Merry-Andrew*'t!
Prick up your Ears to Repetion,
Ladies, I am a bad Phyſitian;
My Urinal I can produce ye,
And other Inſtruments cou'd ſhew t'ye,
By help of which there's none who better
Can caſt or judge a Ladies Water:
I'm an Anatomiſt too and pleaſe ye,
Of all the Female ails can eaſe ye,
Not *Saffold* more, whoſe Art I'nherit,
I the ſole Heir of his Great Spirit.
But, be the Naked Truth confeſs'd,
I'm at Man-Midwifery the beſt.
Have you not heard of a Young Maiden,
Whom Modeſty like mine, invading;
When our lewd Sex, ours only were
Aſſiſtants at the Groaning Chair;
No Mortal having liberty
Without them to be born or dye;
Finding beſides they'd oft be fleering,
And their poor Female Patients jeering;
Nay ſometimes when they ought to bleed 'em,
Do ſomething elſe, like Dr. *N*----
What does ſhe but clap Foot in Stirrup,
Equipp'd with Breeches, Sword and Peruque;
Till on a Stage good Fortune thanking,
A Quack ſhe ſpies a Mountibanking:
Patience ſhe had ſome half an Hour
To hear of Fam'd *Orvietan*'s Power

Ano-

Another half the Mob he assur'd,
What Crowds by others kill'd he had Cur'd:
And if there's any Females here
Who need a Father Confessor,
I'll not one Syllable discover,
But be as secret as a Lover.
Cure all their ails, tho ne'er so many,
Nor till perform'd, will ask a Peny.
Not as some Tinkering Doctors do
Who mend one Hole, by making too.
Ay here's the Man, the Virgin cry'd,
And to be short, her self appli'd
To Quack, desiring if he's able
To teach this Skill so admirable;
He did, since then, your Sex invaded
Our Art, nor with us longer Traded;
But when you more than usual yelp it,
Yes, thank ye, when you cannot help it.
Then gladly must you send agen
For me, or Doctor *Ch*----
For him at least, since as for me
I come uncall'd, without a Fee,
Except a Drubbing on occasion
Out of meer Superarrogation:
Disguis'd lest you my Beard shou'd gape on
With mighty Muffler, clean white Apron,
And cleaner Sleeves, I'm neat and ready,
With Eye like Eagle, Hand like Lady.
But one thing more, I should have got me,
A Lions Heart, for your Anat'my.
That failing me, I quak'd and trembled,
My Ears and Tail in vain dissembled.
The Ass peep'd through and I was known,
And o're the curst Balcony thrown.
Judge if my Skill not cost me dearly,
Which at your Service is sincerely,
T' anatomize on all occasions
Your pretty Parts and Reputations.
No Favour or Affection shown,
Not your Sex only, but my own

Shall feel the dint of Muſick-Speech,
And firſt have at *Lucretius*---*Cr*---,
Nor can there any thing be ſtranger
Than the occaſion of my Auger.
Not that his firſt ſo well was done,
That Envy ſaid 'twas not his own;
For ſome may ſo malicious be,
To ſay the ſame of this and me;
Nor that he's but a bad Tranſlator
Of *Horace*, (tho pray ſhew me a better;)
But wot ye what's the very cauſe,
A curſe upon his Lockram. Jaws.
There was a Lady lov'd a Swine,
Preferring his ſweet Face to mine;
Judge you, and if there's Juſtice in ye,
I dare ſhew with him for a Guinea.
Here's Eyes and Noſe, here's Foot and Leg too,
To ſay no more of Shape and Neck too:
And him, yes him, O Times, O *Mores*,
To have that *Phiz* preferr'd before us!
That makes me fret as String of Fiddle,
And thus ſnap off my Tune i'th' middle.

That heap of Scandals I'll not write,
Which made for *Sm*--- the Ladies Fight.
Tho other Lovers ſure 'twould ruine,
At *Oxford* 'tis their way of woing.
So fair *Grimalkin* none eſpouſes,
How well ſo e're th' old Gib-Cat Mouſes
E're Muſick-Speech's on the Houſes;
And when they've pull'd each others Furr,
'Twill then be time enough to purr.
See how this Strokes, the other woes him,
That fain would lay in Lap or Boſom;
While back and forth he bruſhes by 'em,
With Tail on end, as he'd defie 'em.
Nor from each other need you guard 'em,
They'll not fight long, you need not part 'em.
With what you've heard, pray reſt contented,
My *Book* and *Canto* here are ended.

FINIS.